

Fleet Admiral Rake Donsom

by Admiral Rake Donsom

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Summary: I was a marine during the covenant war. Now, as a Fleet Admiral, I am going to live through humanities's most peaceful period. Or was it? REWRITE IMMINENT BECAUSE IT SUCKS RIGHT NOW

1. Prologue

Prologue : I am Rake Donsom

Hey. I'm Fleet Admiral Rake Donsom. I was born in February 1 2505, twenty years before the human-covenant war. My childhood was a happy one, but full of M rated war games. I had always aced the RTSS, and totally defeated others in first-player shooters.

At the age of 18, I signed in for the UNSC navy and began my training. After seven years of intense training, I was sent to with my squad to investigate the encounter on Harvest. And the rest, you should know.

Now, it's two years after the great war. But little did I know, that the war before was only a small one. And how much my skills were needed in the next. Oh, and the part that I'm going to have to do the hardest decisions in my life.

2. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: First Contact

**** Author's note: This chapter contains spoilers. Please read 'Spartan 117.5' first.****

As I walked down the hall of UNSC Master Chief, I thought of Spartan-117.5, the one I had given the mission to. Such a remarkable man. He was a soldier, a great one, and was the best scientist that ever lived. But now, he was in another galaxy, or a whole different

universe. An alternate universe, the scientists said. In wherever, he was on the search of the most dangerous keys in the world. The keys to activate the Super Halo, that would clear the universe of life.

I arrived at my office and sighed. At least he was lucky enough to actually have a life. An actual life, not one that you sit in an office and do paper work. One that you could kill enemies, and have a girlfriend. I sat down in my chair and sipped my coffee, looking at the pile in front of me.

As I started with the first one, I checked my data pad and found that there was a top secret email from High Command. I put my pen down and opened the email. As read the whole email, I sighed. At last, something other than paper work to do.

I took my microphone and spoke in it.

"Marines, ODS'Ts and Spartans, we will be changing course and heading for Margina, in the Gela systems. We have orders to investigate the planet. Few month ago, we had lost contact with them. After that, the investigation teams sent mysteriously vanished. Everyone, please get to your battle stations and hope that it is not another race thinking that we are vermin to their god." My voice sounded on all the ships in my fleet. Actually, fleet_s_ because command thinks that we need to be prepared for anything. Especially after the whole covenant war.

As the ships' A.I.s changed the course of our ships, I checked out my strategies. After that, I continued on paperwork. Boring stuff, but I need to do it. Oh, yeah, and I needed to promote a few guys. Great. Grunt. Fuck. Shit. I could only swear as I finished the piles. At least, I swore in my head.

After ALL that, I relaxed and sipped a bit more of my coffee. Aaaaah. Good 'old coffee. A tradition that started only 10 whole centuries before. Woops, my bad. 10 centuries is A LOT! I finished my whole cup and walked out of my office. Unlike the grayish of my office, the corridors were a lot more cheerful. Gray and red (get it? Sarcasm.). I walked all the way to the mess hall and got another coffee. And that cycle repeated for another hundreds of times before we arrived at the targeted planet. Do stuff, drink coffee, go refill it and come back. Do stuff, drink coffee, go refill it and come back. Do stuff, drink coffee, go refill it and come back. Grunt.

"Sir! We arrived to Margina, Gela systems! What are your orders, sir?" said a few admirals from the comms.

"Like I said, Admirals. Get four Spartans and back'em up with a squad of ODS'Ts and sent them to the surface. If we lose contact or they need backup, sent about thirty percent of our forces to the ground and investigate or help. If they contact alien hostiles, engage at will if they fire at you first, but first find out if they killed the residences and why. Please let them contact me first. Oh, and getting a few prisoners if they are hostiles would be helpful. If it's the insurgents, eliminate them and keep their leaders prisoners.

If there is any naval hostiles, Fleet 1 and 2 will cover fleet 3's flanks. Fleet 4 and 5 will act as our back guards. Only focus on enemies that are in front of you, or slightly beside. The enemies under or ontop of you will be neutralised by fleet 6 and 7."

"Yes, sir!" the Admirals said as they did what they were told. I, myself, was walking to the bridge, in full Fleet Admiral armour. EVERYONE had armour these days. Even the technicians had one! I arrived and looked out the window. Woohoo. I saw the pelican carrying the team down onto the planet and sighed. I just wish it's not the whole covenant thing again.

After a good ten minutes of waiting, they told us their status.

"Sir! Contacts! Contacts!" One of the ODSTs screamed into their comms which hammered into my ears.

"What did you do to make them hostile, Lieutenant!"

"They just attackeâ€| AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" then silence. That was when our radars discovered millions of slipstream breaks and multiple portals opened up. Out of them, came out forerunner-like-made-ships.

"Just like the Forerunners, you are fools. Us, the Precursors, WILL continue our legacy and destroy those who oppose us. For years, we have fought, until the Forerunners lost to our greatest creation. The Flood. Now, I will unleash our greatest weapon. On you." A dark voice spoke through our speakers. How did he get into our systems? Suddenly, one of the ships shot a bright red laser-like thing. It pierced through the planet cleanly and I think was very explosive.

"Get the Spartans and the ODSTs out of there!" I commanded but not before the whole planet exploded like TNT. Pieces crashed into our ships and most were crippled or damaged.

"Get the shields up! Turn on all the MACs! Don't use point defense cannons! Focus all energy on reloading the MAC after! No use in dodging the enemies shots!" I cried out. I said to not use point defense cannons cause the ships were just shooting and not launching anything. I told them to cut the engines because the projectiles follows you.

This is the worst battle I've been through. One of their shots could kill one of our ships easily. Like knife and cheese. With the knife in a muscled man's hand.

3. Chapter 2

Chapter 2:

Our fleets have been reduced to only sixty now. From three hundred to sixty is a lot of casualties. We had at least also cut down their fleet to half sized (they had only started with eleven). You ask me why we didn't escape, right? Well, you see, they had somehow blocked slipstream entry. You say we could have called for backup? Nope, our communication was blocked, which means the distress beacon was also. So, we are good as dead. At least, I wish not. Our moral was very low now; lower than if you were a lone survivor from an enemy attack. But I was going to change that.

"Marines, pilot and officers. We had a great fight. Now, death is at our door. I can't command you now. The choice is now yours and you have two choices. One is to try to run away using our engines and second is to fight till our last breath. But I will ask you.

Will you live to see your family, friends and race destroyed, or would you die knowing you have fought? This is our last stand. One choice, one life, one death." My voice pierced the speakers of every speaker in my fleets and I also saluted "It was an honour to be your leader." Some of the ships turned around and tried to leave. But most, did something else.

54 of my fleet (my ship included) started boosting their engines, fast forwarding into the enemy ships in one last attempt to let our fellow soldiers live. The enemy/precursor was very surprised, as their shield was already at zero. As the first ships crashed into one and each other, both ships were eliminated. As we had more ships, we have destroyed all of theirs except one. A few fighters came out of the last one but a few of our Longswords crashed into them.

"For humanity!" they had all cried out before the impacts.

"Rememberâ€¦ It's your choice, not mineâ€¦" my voice echoed again. "It's your choiceâ€¦ and this is my choiceâ€¦" and then, my ship crashed into the capital ship and all went black. A deathly black.

Fleet Admiral Hood's POV three weeks later:

"What! No. That impossible!" I said and slammed my hands onto the desk as the soldier came in.

"Sir, it happened. Fleet Admiral's fleets were destroyed by precursors. But he fought well, and he destroyed the enemy fleet too. All that info came from the survivors from one of the ships that escaped."

"Why did some ships under his command run away? And why didn't he run or call for backup?"

"He gave them a choice sir. Now all of them are blaming themselves for running away. If they didn't he could of lived. He couldn't run or call for help because the precursors blocked the signals."

"He was a great friend. A great leader. We must hold a ceremony for all who diedâ€¦" suddenly, another soldier ran in. Between breaths, he told me some very lucky news.

"Sir! Puff. Puff. Sir! We found Fleet Admiral Donsom! Puff! Emf...! Barely alive!"

"Oh my god! How is that possible?" I said very surprised and happy, "Where is he now?"

"In the med bay! He was brought here two hours ago!"

"Soldiers, you are dismissed!" I told them and walked out of my office and trotted to the med bay in a very fast pace. "Where is Fleet Admiral Donsom?" I asked a nurse.

"Room H-21533, floor ten!" she told me. And I walked to that room. A nurse was at the door.

"Sorry, sir. The patient is undergoing surgery. His status is very bad as he was in a depressurized space for too long. Please come back after a while." She told me. And I did just that.

My POV:

Why is everything black? What's happening? Is I dead? Dead men don't think! I feel nothing! OMG! I am totally dead! I can't survive in vacuum neither can I survive two ships crashing together! But dead men don't think! Then why is I thinking?

My thoughts were everywhere, in a jumble. I couldn't think straight.

What is happening? Oh my god! Why am I seeing my spinal cord! Why is it mutated? My muscles! They don't look right! Wait! why my mind is making pictures of that! My bones! My mind is thinking they are unbreakable! Wait, a sec, my brain! It's! different! What is happening!

Then, I woke up with a start. First, I could only make out a white everything. Then, my vision focused. I seemed to be in a hospital bed. Bandages were everywhere on me. Some places even had plaster. Nutrient stickers were at a few places. IVs were hanging everywhere. A monitor was hanging on the wall.

"What!" I could only mutter as I heard a doctor say something to a man and the man walked over.

"Welcome to the land of the living, Fleet Admiral Donsom."

"I'm! alive...?"

"If you are dead, you won't see or think!" said the man. Now, my senses were all focused.

"Fleet Admiral Hood!" I suddenly said as I recognized the man and he chuckled.

"So, how is it going?"

"Nowhere hurting, that's sure. When will I be back in service?" I asked him.

"You are making a surprising fast recovery, friend. You can take off all of that like this afternoon."

"What about my fleet? What happened to them? Did they survive? Did we win the battle?" asked him as I moved a bit in the bed.

"Well, it looks like you did win the battle but with 95% casualties." I closed my eyes.

"I should of done something to destroy the enemy faster or maybe a way to escape! I have the blood of millions on my hands!"

"You couldn't do anything, admiral. The weapons your fleet had would only scratch their shields. It was an amazing feat to have destroyed a Precursor fleet. It's two technology levels higher than us."

"But still—millions have died—what happens if they attack us again?" that was when my friend laughed hard. I raised an eyebrow. What's so funny? It's a second covenant-human sort of war again!

"You destroyed their biggest fleet. What do you think? They are all taken back! It's the covenant-human war that ended in the blink of an eye with us victorious! With you as a Fleet Admiral, this war will be soon over!" I fell back into my pillow and turned unconscious by the revelation. How did I command a fleet and do THAT!

No one's POV at some place that I don't know where:

"Master, our fleet had been destroyed."

"What? I thought you had sent our best!"

"Yes, master, but it was not enough."

"Then we shall have a full scale attack, with the Fash-Kalies."

"Yes—"

4. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Second contact

I woke up in the hospital bed (again) and looked at the clock. 1600 military time. Ok, I should be able to get out of the med bay now. I asked one of the nurses and she said that I was cleared for leaving two hours ago so I walked to my office. Afterwards, I checked my mail.

In my electronic mailbox, I had 3292 emails. 3292! In three weeks! That was a record! I checked them out and happily found out that 120 was from my friends and family (yes, my parents have more than a 19 children). But even after, I still had 3172 left.

I classed them into folders (orders, congrats, civilian, notice) and read the important ones first. It seems like I have one new order, three new medals, four new decorations and a raise in my pay. Yay. I already have all I wanted in money. Don't you think 200 billion dollars is enough? All I need now is a girlfriend and all would be good. Not like no one likes me.

I sighed and restarted doing all the paperwork that was waiting on my desk, in a too neat pile that seemed to be mocking me. Now, I was more experienced with coffee and had bought a coffee machine. The only thing I needed to do now was to walk a few meters, fill the cup and come back. Good old coffee.

After I finished all of the paperwork, I read what high command wanted me to do. Yay, guard duty. Not the sit around and guard the jail duty, but the keep assigned planet (Earth) safe and sound one.

Well, still as bad. Oh, and the worst part is that we are leaving at 0100. Which mean I should get to sleep now.

I walked over to the mess hall and got myself an early supper and sat beside my friends. Meet John Farentine, otherwise known as Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, Fleet Admiral Hood, Jeanie Dalgy, Olivia Rakenfower and Georgia Miles.

"So how is it going, Admiral? You gave us quiet a scare with the suicidal manoeuvre."

"I did not call for it, Hood. My men did it."

"And women."

"Yeah, and women." I added sheepishly.

"Well, it was still a great speech you gave them. Actually, I got to ask you, how did you survive getting blown apart?"

"I don't knowâ€|"

"He wasn't blown apart. Or he would have been pieces now."

"No shit, Sherlock." The girls giggled.

"Sherlock is a man. It's 'no shit, fem Sherlock'." Everyone laughed a bit at my joke. Well, everyone except John who just smiled, trying to hide his smirk. After that, we just kept talking. There or here, John would make a comment.

After my dinner/supper, I directly went to bed. Hello, I was needed at 0100! That is 1 in the morning!

My alarm clock suddenly started blazing and woke me from my deep sleep. I jolted up and put my uniform on, as swift as ever. Then, I took my stuff (I packed them up yesterday) and walked over to hanger D-219. A pelican was already waiting for me. Someone cried out 'Officer on deck!' and all of the people in the hangar saluted. I told them 'At ease.' and they all went back to work.

My gaze fell on the pelican I was supposed to board and got into it with all my stuff.

"Good morning, sir. I will your pilot for today, sir." I simply nodded at the pilot. "By the way, name's Reilly Enderdar." Where did that come from? I just sat back against my seat and strapped myself to it. Then, I took out my personal S-14 type shotgun that Spartan 117.5 had given me. It still had its chamber full because I had reloaded it ten seconds ago (). I heard my pelican get cleared for departure and we lifted out of the frigate I was in.

Three other officers were in the pelican with me. Lieutenant Gary Anderson, Private Emma Doncons, Corporal Alina Masca and Sergeant Vanessa Gafore. As we had a ten hour flight ahead of us, so some of us tried to start a conversation.

"Soâ€| you are all people that were drafted to UNSC Last Hope?"

"Yeahâ€¦" a few of us murmured.

"Well, no duh. You guys think that they are going to have a fleet without commander?"

"There is already one, isn't there?" asked Gary with a troubled gaze.

"Have you noticed there are ten admirals?" they all nodded."

"They are going to elect one of them to become the leader?" Suddenly, they seem to have understood.

"Wait. You are a fleet admiral?" Emma asked me.

"No duh, Sherlock. Noticed the type of armour I have?"

"Fail. It's 'No duh, fem Sherlock.'."

"Holly shit!" One them suddenly realised who I was.

"What?"

"It's THE admiral Rake Donsom!" Everyone looked at me and saw my friend-or-foe tag.

"OMG!" One of them screamed out.

"What?" I asked them. "I am Fleet Admiral Rake Donsom, so what?"

"You are the one who destroyed a whole precursor fleet! The one who destroyed a fleet that had 100% percent winning chance!" Another of the exclaimed.

"I didn't. My fleets did."

"Yeah, but you were the commander! And wow, that speech at the end!"

"Wait, I was monitored?" I asked them confusedly.

"No. But they did a movie from the eyewitnesses!" I gapped at them. How did I not know THAT! (well, they are probably trying to raise moral)

"How was I not told about that?"

"Well, first, I don't think Fleet Admirals have enough spare time to check out the base's movie section, secondly, I don't know." Replied Vanessa. A few of the others chuckled at the last part.

"We are here!" the pilot's cried out and I felt the pelican land. The back door opened and we stepped out, with our luggage (and my shotgun). Then, that was when the alarm started blaring. I scrambled to the bridge at 30km/h (surprising) with my stuff and threw my stuff to the side.

"What's happening, admiral?" I asked the one in Admiral armour. He turned to me from looking outside.

"It's sir to yâ€|" he seem to have noticed my armour. "Sorry, Fleet Admiral Sir!" everyone stood to attention."

"At ease. Now, please tell me what is happening. I had just arrived." They put their arms down and returned to their screens except for the admiral who explained that a hundred slip space ruptures have been detected and Precursor ships started coming out.

"Why do the Precursors want to kill us?" One of the marine cried out to god behind us.

"Umâ€| this is weird. They are attacking Earth right now. How did they get the location? Didn't we have the Cole protocol? "

"Hello, they could have hacked into our systems from the other side of the galaxy, what do you think?" I told the admiral and he just glared at me. "Now, we must get ready! What ships do we have?"

"Sir, we have about ten Frigates, forty-five Capital ship sized battle cruisers, five dreadnoughts, six orbital MACs, 20000 Longswords and 10000 other ships." He replied to me. I looked outside and checked out the enemy force. Seems like there were only battleships. Hell, they always send battleships! Then, I saw one that looked like a frigate come out. It suddenly started sending out boxes-um I meant boarding ships, at least I think it is.

"Send out 10000 of the Longswords to intercept them! Peoples, get the MACs online and working! All shoot at my signal! After that, send three dreadnoughts to their flank!" everyone started working and doing their respectable job. Some of them were still shocked at the sudden appearance of the Precursors but I got them back to the present by screaming at them.

"Sir! All MACs at 100%!"

"Ready, set, fire!" I commanded and a barrage of MAC shots flew at the enemy. Only one of the 100 ships was down. Then, they returned fire. A few of ours got hit and blew into smithereens. Ok, not a few but like 5% of ours were all destroyed.

Then, the three MACs on each of the dreadnought started firing and hit the enemy ships on the back. As you can see, they thought that the dreadnoughts were trying to run away as they opened slip space portals but they didn't go through them.

It seems like the ship's back was very light shields and armour so each of the MAC shots destroyed the ships one by one. As the enemy turned around to hit the dreadnought, I ordered my ships to shoot again, hitting a few of them in the back. That whole movement destroyed about 30 of the enemy. Oh, yeah, and that is when the boarders crashed into our ships.

"Everyone! Destroy them at all cost! It's the center of our society that you're protecting right now! If Earth falls, we fall!" but I could only watch helplessly as one by one, the boarded ships exploded like fireworks.

Chapter 4: More than meets the eye

It's the end. One vs one. My ship vs the enemy frigate. We had rescued all of the survivors of the other ships and we are the only ones left. The only one to protect Earth. I could only sigh as the MAC only killed one tenth of its shields.

The enemy wasn't shooting us. It was only sending boarders. Our point defense cannons were working hard to destroy them. But a few boarded our ship.

"Marines! Protect the main corridor! Don't let them have control of it! Don't try to protect anywhere else!" the main corridor was the corridor that connects everywhere. If they don't control it, they can't get to the reactors, engines, nor the bridge. As the marines complied to my order, they were cut down quick. I have no clue how they did it, but they seem to have their version of Spartans.

Suddenly, I heard a cry and I turned around, seeing a humanoid alien. Looked like the flood almost. It dodged a marine's shotgun and twisted his arm, stabbing the poor marine with an energy sword like thing, killing him instantly. We all fired our magnum at it but the bullet merely bounced off it's shields.

"Fuck!" I could only say as it jumped onto me, crushing me to the ground. Then, my vision started to blacken. "Fuckâ€¦ youâ€¦" then my armour blew up. Literally. Pieces of it explosively came off, knocking the alien onto the roof, then fell onto the ground. But I felt no pain. I slowly stood up and that was when I noticed something very bad happening.

I was wearing standard admiral uniform but the top was ripped. Metal came out of my chest, slowly covering my body. It moved like an organic, but was metal. As it finished, I saw myself in old looking armour. Shields came on (I think its shields) and blade extended from my hands. The helmet seem to have a HUD, showing my current condition, a map with IFF tags, ammo counter, shield counter and other things.

The alien came back up and lunged at me. A robotic voice said something about activated a sequence and my arm flew up at alarming speed and sliced the alien in half. Then, I jumped up, twirling in the air, while my arm turned into cannon and blasted the remaining alien into pieces. All of the Precursors' bullets have missed. That was when the control of my body was back.

"What the fuck?" I just said, seeing the gaze of the marine and admiral still alive. "What happened to me?" My voice sounded very unlike myself. It sound very low and had a very serious tone to it.

"Umâ€¦ admiral?"

"Yes?"

"What are you?"

"Human? Why do you ask that? But I have no clue what is this." I

motioned to my armour. "Well, stop staring at me. I am pretty thankful that I had this or we would have been all dead. Now get back to your posts. We have a frigate to destroy." Most of them slowly came out of shock and restarted shooting the MAC. "I need to tell command about this." The frigate exploded in a shower of metal as the slug hit it, which ended the invasion. We have won, but at a high cost. Earth is safe. For now. 70% of our ships were destroyed. Millions of elite and humans were dead.

I walked to the person who was responsible for the comm and told him to connect to command.

"UNSC Last Hope to Command."

"We hear you loud and clear! What the fuck!"

"Yes, sir. We had a problem with the Fleet Admiral. This foreign armour had crawled onto him and well, it technically was the reason we won. We are the only ship left. 50% of our crew is dead. Our ship is heavily damaged, so we are going to need someone for EVAC."

"Ok, UNSC Last Hope. We will. We will also investigate the admiral's armour and how it got there. There's ten pelicans coming to get you. Command out." And command cut the connection.

"Well, Fleet Admiral. If we could make more of your armour, we would totally win this war!"

"I think we can, lieutenant." I said as the armour transformed off me and into a shotgun, the one 117.5 gave me. "We will just need to find Spartan 117.5. He is the reason, we have won this war. And the last war."

****Author's note: each of the stories I write will have something to do with Spartan 117.5. Could be his future, his secrets or his past. Sorry for the short chapter. Please R&R!****

6. Epilogue

Epilogue

We had searched the stars. Everywhere. We couldn't even find a trace of him, we even went through a few different dimension. It was like he was gone. Forever.

I sighed at the memory. The greatest soldier of mankind. Now lost. Hero lost. I walked to his room and opened the door, surprised to find his email account still on. I just peeked at a few of them and suddenly, my blood went cold.

On one of the emails, only a few month old, was from someone secret named, Noble Six.

End
file.